

### Vacation Days Are Here

**A**LTHO old man Pluvius is bound and possessed to make things disagreeable around these parts, Old Sol gives us enough encouragement to prepare for outings, picnics, etc.

Schools have closed and John and sister Sue are persistently tugging at Daddy's coat-tails urging him to set his business in order, preparatory to taking a trip up country either by motor, train, horseback or prairie schooner.

Ofttimes the vacation does not bring much rest, but at least it is a change and sometimes home looks pretty good to us after a couple of weeks' absence.

However, the real fun comes from seeing new places and faces and being, eating and living out-of-doors. But, dear reader, never try out-of-door life unless you are well equipped. If you are going to tent, have a tent that is water-proof, with a bottom sewed in solidly so that you can keep out bugs, flies and other pests. Also have it well ventilated, for as the initiated know, a tent is frightfully hot.

Mark this: If you are going on a vacation trip, it pays to go well prepared and above all know where you want to go before you start.

Now, hie yourself hence, have a good time, and write Practical Cookery all about it. Your story will be appreciated.



### Avaunt, Omaha Blues!

**C**ONSTANT repetition of any chance remark often gains credence even though it is based on falsehood. It may be likened unto the fellow who repeated a lie so often that he firmly believed it to be a verity.

Sad to relate, there's a tendency prevalent in Omaha to sing "The Omaha Blues". Business is poor, times are hard—what's going to become of things? Let's about face and sing a different song, one that has a sweeter ring to it, and mark what I tell you, things will brighten up.

And now, avaunt, you Omaha Blues! We're going to sing this little ditty by F. W. Bee:

#### Into Men Who Can Smile With a Tear.

Give us a rooter who knows how to boost  
And a booster—a thoroughbred rooter.  
For these very fellows put wind in the bellows  
That makes the world toot its tooter.

They banish the balkers and ostracize squawkers,  
Sob-sisters of Pepper-up's reign,  
And they spin the wheels round in city and town  
Putting Thomas-the-Doubter to shame.

Always up on their toes from morning till night  
Casting spells of success and good cheer.  
These red-bloods convert down-in-the-mouth plugs  
Into men who can smile with a tear.

—F. W. BEE.



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